AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN.

In EPISTLES to a Friend.

EPISTLE III.

MAY

ON

MAN.

ASHLEY
BM
LIBRARY

In EPISTLES to a Friend.

EPISTLE III.

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN.

In EPISTLES to a Friend.

EPISTLE III.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WILFORD, at the *Three Flower-de-Luces*, behind the *Chapter-House*, *St. Paul's*.

[Price One Shilling]

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN.

In EPISTLES to a Friend.

ASHLEY
B M
LIBRARY

EPISTLE III.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Flower-de-Luces,
behind the Chapter-House, St. Paul's.

[Price One Shilling]

AN

ESSAY on MAN.

EPISTLE III.

LEARN Dulneſs, learn! " the *Univerſal Cauſe*
" Acts to *one End*, but acts by various Laws."
In all the Madneſs of ſuperfluous Health,
The Trim of Pride, and Impudence of Wealth,
Let that great Truth be preſent Night and Day;
But moſt be preſent if thou *preach*, or *pray*.

View thy own World: Behold the Chain of Love
Combining all below, and all above.
See, lifeleſs Matter moving to one End,
The ſingle Atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place,
By Nature form'd its *Neighbour* to embrace.
Behold it next, with various Life endu'd,
Preſs to one Centre ſtill, the *Gen'ral Good*.
See dying Vegetables Life ſuſtain,
See Life diſſolving vegetate again.
All Forms that periſh other Forms ſupply,
By turns they catch the vital Breath, and die;
Like Bubbles on the Sea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that Sea return.
Nothing is foreign: Parts relate to Whole:
One All-extending, All-preſerving Soul
Connects all Being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in Aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt:
Each ſerv'd, and ſerving; nothing ſtands alone;
The Chain holds on, and *where* it ends, unknown!
Has God, thou Fool! work'd ſolely for thy Good
Thy Joy, thy Paſtime, thy Attire, thy Food?

Who for thy Table feeds the wanton Fawn,
For him as kindly, ſpreads the Flow'ry Lawn.
Is it for thee the Lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his Voice, Joy elevates his Wings:
Is it for thee the Linnet pours his Throat?
Loves of his own, and Raptures ſwell the Note.
The bounding Steed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his Lord the Pleaſure and the Pride.
Is thine alone the Seed that ſtrows the Plain?
The Birds of Heav'n ſhall vindicate their Grain.
Thine the full Harveſt of the Golden Year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving Steer.
The Hog that plows not, nor obeys thy Call,
Lives on the Labours of this Lord of All.

Know, Nature's Children all divide her Care;
The Furr that warms a Monarch, warm'd a Bear.
While Man exclaims, ſee all Things for my Uſe!
See Man for mine, replies a pamper'd Gooſe:
What Care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him,
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.

As far as Gooſe could judge he reaſon'd right
But as to Man, miſtook the Matter quite:

And juſt as ſhort of Reaſon, Man will fall,
Who thinks *All* made for *One*, not *One* for *All*.
Grant, that the Pow'rful ſtill the Weak controul,
Be Man the *Wit* and *Tyrant* of the Whole:
Nature that Tyrant checks; He only knows
And feels, another Creature's Wants and Woes.
Say, will the Falcon ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying Plumage, ſpare the Dove?
Admires the Jay the Inſect's gilded Wings,
Or hears the Hawk, when *Philomela* ſings?
Man cares for All: To Birds he gives his Woods,
To Beaſts his Paſtures, and to Fiſh his Floods,
For ſome, his Int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more, his Pleaſure, yet for more his Pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive Bleſſing of his Luxury.
That very Life his learned Hunger craves
He ſaves from Famine, from the Savage ſaves:
Nay, feaſts the Animal he dooms his Feaſt,
And 'till he ends the Being, makes it bleſt.
The favour'd Man, by Touch Ætherial ſlain,
Not leſs foreſees the Stroke, or feels the Pain.

The

The Creature had his Feaſt of Life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy Feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking Being Heav'n a Friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs Knowledge of its End;
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a View,
As while he dreads it, makes him hope it too.
The Hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the Fear,
Death ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
Great ſtanding Miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
Its only thinking Thing, this Turn of Mind.
Whether with *Reaſon*, or with *Inſtinct* bleſt,
Know, all enjoy that Pow'r which *ſuits 'em beſt*.
To bliſs, alike, by that Direction tend,
And find the Means proportion'd to their End.
Say, where full *Inſtinct* is th'unerring Guide,
What *Pope* or *Council* can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for Service, or but ſerves when preſt;
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a Volunteer.
This too ſerves *always*, Reaſon never *long*;
One *muſt* go right, the other *may* go wrong.

See then the *acting* and *comparing* Pow'rs,
One in their Nature, which are two in ours;
And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct, as you can;
In this, 'tis *God* directs, in that, 'tis *Man*.

Who taught the Nations of the Field and Wood,
To ſhun their Poiſon, and to chuſe their Food?
Preſcient, the Tydes or Tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the Wave, or arch beneath the Sand?
Who made the Spider Parallels deſign,
Sure as *De Moivre*, without Rule or Line?
Who bid the Stork, *Columbus*-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and Worlds unknown before?
Who calls the Council, ſtates the certain Day,
Who forms the Phalanx, and who points the Way?

GOD, in the Nature of each Being, founds
Its proper Bliſs, and ſets its proper Bounds:
But as he fram'd a *Whole*, the Whole to bleſs
On mutual *Wants* built mutual *Happineſs*:
So from the firſt, Eternal ORDER ran,
And Creature link'd to Creature, Man to Man.
What'ere of Life all-quickening *Æther* keeps,
Or breathes thro' Air, or ſhoots beneath the Deeps,

Or pours profuſe on Earth; one Nature feeds
The *vital Flame*, and ſwells the *genial Seeds*.
Not Man alone, but all that roam the Wood,
Or wing the Sky, or roll along the Flood,
Each loves *Itſelf*, but not itſelf *alone*,
Each Sex deſires alike, till *two* are *one*:
Nor ends the Pleaſure with the fierce Embrace;
All love themſelves, a third Time, in their *Race*.
The Beaſt, the Bird, their common Charge attend,
The Mothers nurſe it, and the Sires defend;
The Young diſmiſs'd to wander Earth or Air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the Care,
The Link diſſolves, each ſeek a freſh Embrace,
Another Love ſucceeds, another Race.
A *longer Care* Man's helpleſs Kind demands;
That longer Care contracts more laſting Bands:
Reflection, *Reaſon*, ſtill the Ties improve,
At once extend the Int'reſt, and the Love:
With *Choice* we fix, with *Sympathy* we burn,
Each *Virtue* in each *Paſſion* takes its Turn;
And ſtill new *Needs*, new *Helps*, new *Habits* riſe,
That graft Benevolence on Charities,

From

From private Sparkles raiſe the gen'ral Flame,
And bid Self-Love and Social be the ſame.
Thus as *one* Brood, and as *another* roſe,
Theſe *nat'ral* Love maintain'd, *habitual* thoſe;
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs Him from whom their Life began:
Mem'ry and *Forecaſt* juſt Returns engage,
That pointed back to *Youth*, this on to *Age*;
While *Pleaſure*, *Gratitude* and *Hope*, combin'd
Still ſpread the Int'reſt, and preſerv'd the Kind.

Nor think in *Nature's State* they blindly trod;
The *State* of NATURE was the *Reign* of GOD:
Self-Love and *Social* at her Birth began,
UNION, the Bond of all Things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor *Arts*, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with Beaſt, joint Tenant of the Shade;
The ſame his Table, and the ſame his Bed,
No Murder cloath'd him, and no Murder fed.
In the ſame Temple, the reſounding Wood,
All Vocal Beings hymn'd their equal God:
The Shrine with Gore unſtain'd, with Gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs Prieſt:

Heav'ns Attribute was Universal Care,
And Man's Prerogative to rule, but ſpare.
Ah how unlike the Man of Times to come!
Of half that live, the Butcher, and the Tomb;
Who, Foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral Groan,
Murders their Species, and betrays his own.
But juſt Diſeaſe to Luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry Death its own Avenger breeds;
The Fury-Paſſions from that Blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer Savage, Man.

See him from *Nature* riſing ſlow to *Art!*
To copy *Inſtinct*, then, was *Reaſon's* Part;
Thus then to Man the Voice of Nature ſpake---
" *Go! from the* Creatures *thy Inſtructions take;*
" *Learn from the* Birds *what Food the Thickets yeild;*
" *Learn from the* Beaſts *the Phyſick of the Field:*
" *Thy Arts of Building from the* Bee *receive;*
" *Learn of the* Mole *to plow, the* Worm *to weave;*
" *Learn of the little* * Nautilus *to ſail,*
" *Spread the thin Oar, and catch the driving Gale.*

* *Vide* Oppian Halieut. *Lib.* I.

" *Here too all* Forms *of* ſocial Union *find,*
" *And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:*
" *Here Subterranean* Works *and* Cities *ſee,*
" *There* Towns *Aerial on the waving Tree.*
" *Learn each ſmall People's* Genius, Policies;
" *The Ants* Republic, *and the* Realm *of Bees;*
" *How thoſe in common all their Stores beſtow,*
" *And* Anarchy *without* Confuſion *know,*
" *And theſe for ever, tho' a* Monarch *reign,*
" *Their ſep'rate Cells and* Properties *maintain.*
" *Mark what* unvary'd *Laws preſerve their State,*
" *Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.*
" *In vain thy* Reaſon *finer Webs ſhall draw,*
" *Entangle* Juſtice *in her Net of* Law.
" *And Right too rigid harden into Wrong,*
" *Still for the Strong too weak, the Weak too ſtrong.*
" *Yet Go! and thus o'er all the Creatures ſway,*
" *Thus let the Wiſer make the reſt obey,*
" *Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of Brutes before,*
" *As* Kings *ſhall crown them, or as* Gods *adore.*"
Great *Nature* ſpoke; obſervant Men obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:

Here

Here roſe one little *State*; Another near
Grew by like Means, and join'd, thro' *Love* or *Fear*.
Did here the Trees with ruddier Burdens bend,
And there the Streams in purer Rills deſcend?
What *War* could raviſh, *Commerce* could beſtow,
And he return'd a Friend, who came a Foe.
Thus *States* were form'd; the Name of *King* unknown,
'Till common Int'reſt plac'd the Sway in One.
Then VIRTUE ONLY (or in Arts, or Arms,
Diffuſing Bleſſings, or averting Harms)
The *ſame* which in a *Sire* the *Sons* obey'd,
A *Prince* the Father of a *People* made.
'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, *Prieſt*, and *Parent* of his growing State:
On him, their ſecond Providence they hung,
Their *Law*, his Eye; their *Oracle* his Tongue.
He, from the wondring Furrow call'd their Food,
Taught to command the *Fire*, controul the *Flood*,
Draw forth the Monſters of th' *Abyſs* profound,
Or fetch th' *Aerial* Eagle to the Ground.
Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as *God*, to mourn as *Man*.

Then

Then, looking up from Sire to Sire, explor'd
One Great, First Father, and that *first* Ador'd.
Or plain Tradition that this All *begun*,
Convey'd unbroken Faith from Sire to Son,
The Workman from the Work distinct was known,
And *simple Reason* never fought but *One*:
E're *Wit* oblique had *broke* that steady Light,
Man, like his Maker, *saw*, that *all was right*,
To Virtue in the Paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a *Father* when he own'd a *God*.
Love all the *Faith*, and all th' *Allegiance* then;
For Nature knew no *Right Divine* in *Men*,
No *Ill* could fear in *God*; and understood
A *Sovereign Being* but a *Sovereign Good*.
True Faith, true Policy, united ran,
That was but *Love* of *God*, and this of *Man*.

Who first taught Souls enslav'd, and Realms undone
Th' enormous Faith of *Many made for one*?
That proud Exception to all Nature's Laws,
T' invert the World, and counter-work its *Cause*?
Force first made *Conquest*, and that Conquest *Law*;
Till *Superstition* taught the Tyrant Awe;

Then

Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, and lent it Aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, midſt the Light'ning's Blaze and Thunder's Sound,
When rock'd the Mountains, and when groan'd the Ground,
She taught the Weak to bend, the Proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they.
She, from the rending Earth and burſting Skies,
Saw *Gods* deſcend, and *Fiends* infernal riſe,
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt Abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak *Hope* her Gods:
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe Attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt:
Such as the Souls of *Cowards* might *conceive*,
And form'd *like Tyrants*, Tyrants would *believe*.
Zeal then, not Charity, became the Guide,
And *Hell* was built on *Spite*, and *Heav'n* on *Pride*.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' Ætherial Vault no more;
Altars grew Marble then, and reek'd with Gore:
Then firſt the *Flamen* taſted living Food;
Next his grim Idol ſmear'd with human Blood;

With Heav'ns own Thunders ſhook the World below,
And play'd the God an Engine on his Foe.
So drives *Self-Love*, thro' Juſt, and thro' Unjuſt,
To *One* Man's Pow'r, Ambition, Lucre, Luſt:
The ſame Self-Love, in *All*, becomes the Cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For what one likes, if others like as well,
What ſerves one Will when many Wills rebel?
How ſhall we keep, what ſleeping or awake
A Weaker may ſurprize, a Stronger take?
His *Safety* muſt his *Liberty* reſtrain;
All join to *guard* what *each* deſires to *gain*.
Forc'd into Virtue thus by Self-Defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd Juſtice and Benevolence:
Self-Love forſook the Path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the *private* in the *publick* Good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious Head or gen'rous Mind,
Follow'r of God, or Friend of Human Kind,
Poet or Patriot, roſe, but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, *Nature* gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient Light, not *kindled new*;
If not God's *Image*, yet his *Shadow* drew;

Taught

Taught Pow'rs due Uſe to *People* and to *Kings*,
Taught, not to ſlack, nor ſtrain, its tender Strings;
The *Leſs*, and *Greater*, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching *one*, muſt ſtrike the *other* too,
And jarring Int'reſts of themſelves create
The according Muſick of a *well-mix'd State*.
Such is the WORLD's *great Harmony*, that ſprings
From *Union*, *Order*, full *Conſent* of Things!
Where Small and Great where Weak and Mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer; ſtrengthen, not invade,
More *pow'rful* each, as *needful* to the reſt,
And in Proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt,
Draw to one Point, and to one Centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.
For *Forms* of *Government* let Fools conteſt;
What'ere is beſt adminiſtred, is beſt:
For *Modes* of *Faith* let graceleſs Zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe *Life* is in the right.
All muſt be falſe that thwart this *One great End*,
And all of God, that *bleſs* Mankind, or *mend*.
Man, like the gen'rous Vine, ſupported lives,
The *Strength* he gains is from th' *Embrace* he gives.

On their *own Axis* as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their Circle round the *Sun*:
So two conſiſtent Motions act the Soul,
And one regards *Itſelf*, and one the *Whole*.
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral Frame,
And bade *Self-Love* and *Social* be the ſame.

F I N I S.

ASHLEY B M LIBRARY

N. B. **The Reſt of this Work will be publiſhed the next Winter.**

No. 9.

——— An / Essay / on / Man. / In Epistles to a Friend. / Epistle III. / [*Printer's ornament with the 'bird' centre*] / London: / Printed for J. Wilford, at the Three Flower-de-Luces, / behind the Chapter-Houſe, St. Paul's. / [Price One Shilling.]

Collation: Folio, pp. 20; consisting of Half-title (with blank reverse) pp. 1—2; Title-page (with blank reverse) pp. 3—4; and Text of *Epistle III* pp. 5—20. There are no head-lines, the pages being numbered centrally in Arabic numerals between round brackets. At the foot of p. 20 is a notice that *The Rest of this Work will be published the next Winter* [in one line]. The signatures are A to E (5 sheets, each 2 leaves). The leaves of the present copy, which are trimmed, measure 13⅞ × 8⅝ inches.

This is the *Second Edition* of *Epistle III*. Provided the following peculiarities are regarded with care, there is no reason why it should ever be confused with its immediate predecessor. The ornament upon the title-page represents a bird with outstretched wings standing within a panel of scrolls, and supported on either side by a basket of fruit and flowers. In this edition the same head-band figures at the top of the half-title, but the band at the foot is different; in its centre is an oval block within an oval ring. The two rules above and below the words *Epistle III* are only three-quarters of an inch apart. Upon the upper portion of page 5 the same ornament appears as that which stands in a similar position at the head of page 5 of the first edition. But the device in the centre circle of the block (the standing female) was exchanged for one representing a female figure seated upon a bench with an open book by her side, holding in her right hand a mirror, and with a snake entwined around her left arm. The tail-piece upon page 20 represents a basket of flowers, standing upon a fancy pedestal with heavy side-scrolls. Finally the lines are correctly numbered from 1 to 316.

Towards the close of 1733, before *Epistle IV* made its appearance, the three Parts of *An Essay on Man* already published were made up for sale in the form of a single volume. For this purpose the copies of each then in stock were taken, the half-title to *Epistle III* was removed, and *Epistle I* was placed between the half-title and title-page of *Epistle II*. The whole three were then 'stabbed' together in the manner at that time customary. In every example of the book thus formed that I have seen in its original state, *Epistle I* was of the edition 'Corrected by the Author'; *Epistle II* was of the edition with the whole of the lines unnumbered; and *Epistle III* had upon its title-page the 'bird' ornament. This fact is of service in deciding the correct sequence of the three editions of *Epistle II*, for the copies remaining in stock at the close of the year would naturally be of the most recent printing. Occasionally the half-title of *Epistle III* was preserved in place of that attached to *Epistle II*. I imagine that this sacrifice of the then superfluous half-titles accounts for the very large number of copies of these two Parts, imperfect in this respect, which abound to-day.